



# The Merry Deuill OF EDMONTON.

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As it hath been fundry times  
*Acted, by his Maiesties*  
Seruants, at the Globe on  
*the Banke-side.*



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are to be sold at his Shoppe neere vnto *S. Margarites-hill*  
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# The Northampton

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*The Merry Diuell of*  
**Edmonton.**

*The Prologue.*

**Y** Our silence and attention worthy friends,  
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense,  
Relish the life of this our active scene,  
To which intent, to calme this murmuring breath,  
We ring this round with our inuoking spellles,  
If that your listning eares be yet prepar'd  
To entertaine the subiect of our Play,  
Lend vs your patience.  
Tis *Peter Fabell* a renowned Scholler,  
Whose fame hath still beene hitherto forgot  
By all the Writers of this latter age,  
In *Middle-sex* his birth and his abode,  
Not full seauen miles from this great famous Citie,  
That for his fame in sleights and magicke won,  
Was cald *The merry Fiend of Edmonton.*  
If any heere make doubt of such a name,  
In *Edmonton* yet fresh vnto this day,  
Fixt in the wall of that old ancient Church  
His Monument remaineth to be scene;  
His memory yet in the mouthes of men,  
That whilst he liude he could deceiue the Diuell!  
Imagine now that whilst he is retirede,  
From *Cambridge* backe vnto his native home,  
Suppose the silent sable visage night,

## *The merry Diuell*

Casts her blacke curtaine ouer all the world,  
And whilst he sleepest within his silent bed,  
Toylde with the studies of the passed day :  
The very time and houre wherein that Spirit  
That many yeares attended his command ;  
And often times twixt Cambridge and that towne,  
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,  
By composition twixt the fiend and him, *Draw the curtaines.*  
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due.  
Behold him heere laide on his restlesse couch,  
His fatall chime prepared at his head,  
His chamber guarded with these sable flights,  
And by him stands that Negromarticke chaire,  
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,  
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.  
Sit with a pleased eye vntill you know  
The Commicke end of our sad Tragique show. *Exit.*

*The Chime goes, in which time, Fabell is oft seene to stare about  
him, and hold up his hands.*

*Fab.* What meanes the touling of this fatall chime ?  
O what a trembling horror strikes my heart !  
My stiffned haire stands vpright on my head,  
As doe the bristles of a Porcupine.

*Enter Coreb a Spirit.*

*Cor.* Fabell awake, or I will beare thee hence headlong to  
Hell.

*Fab.* Ha, ha, why dost thou wake me ?  
*Coreb,* is it thou ?

*Cor.* Tis I.

*Fab.* I know thee well, I heare the watchfull dogs,  
With hollow howling tell of thy approach,  
The lights burne dim affrighted with thy presence :  
And this distemperd and tempestuous night  
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Diuell.

*Cor.* Come, art thou ready ?

*Fab.*



*of Edmonton.*

*Fab.* Whither? or to what?

*Cor.* Why Scholler, this the houre my date expires,  
I must depart, and come to claime my due.

*Fab.* Hah, what is thy due?

*Cor.* *Fabell*, thy selfe.

*Fab.* O let not darkenes heare thee speake that word,  
Least that with force it hurry hence amaine,  
And leaue the world to looke vpon my woe,  
Yet ouerwhelme me with this globe of earth  
And let a little sparrow with her bill,  
Take but so much as she can beare away,  
That euery day thus losing of my load,  
I may againe in time yet hope to rise.

*Cor.* Didst thou not write thy name in thine owne blood?  
And drewst the formall Deed twixt thee and mee,  
And is it not recorded now in hell?

*Fab.* Why comst thou in this sterne and horrid shape?  
Not in familiar sort as thou wast wont?

*Cor.* Because the date of thy command is out,  
And I am master of thy skill and thee.

*Fab.* *Coreb*, thou angry and impatient spirit,  
I haue earnest businesse for a priuate friend,  
Reserue me spirit vntill some further time.

*Cor.* I will not for the mines of all the earth.

*Fab.* Then let me rise, and ere I leaue the world,  
Ile dispatch some busines that I haue to doe,  
And in meane time repose thee in that chayre.

*Cor.* *Fabell*, I will.

*Sit downe.*

*Fab.* O that this soule that cost so great a price,  
As the deere pretious blood of her Redeemer,  
Inspirde with knowledge, should by that alone  
Which makes a man so meane vnto the powers,  
Euen leade him downe into the depth of hell,  
When men in their owne pride striue to know more  
Then man should know!  
For this alone God cast the Angels downe,  
The infinitie of Arts is like a sea,

*Into*

## *The merry Diuell*

Into which when man will take in hand to faile  
Further then reason, which should be his pilot,  
Hath skill to guide him, loosing once his compasse,  
He falleth to such deepe and dangerous whirlepooles,  
As he doth loose the very sight of heauen :  
The more he strives to come to quiet harbor,  
The further still he findes himselfe from land,  
Man striving still to finde the depth of euill,  
Seeking to be a God, becomes a Diuell.

*Cor.* Come *Fabell*, hast thou don?

*Fab.* Yes, yes, come hither.

*Cor.* *Fabell*, I cannot.

*Fab.* Cannot, what ailes your hollownes?

*Cor.* Good *Fabell* helpe me.

*Fa.* Alas where lies your griefe? some *Aqua-vita*,  
The Diuel's very sicke, I feare hee'l die,  
For he lookes very ill.

*Cor.* Darst thou deride the minister of darkenesse?  
In *Lucifers* great name *Corib* coniures thee  
To set him free.

*Fab.* I will not for the mines of all the earth,  
Vnlesse thou giue me libertie to see,  
Seauen yeares more before thou seaze on mee.

*Cor.* *Fabell*, I giue it thee.

*Fab.* Swear damned fiend.

*Cor.* Vnbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee,  
Till seauen yeares from this houre be full expirde.

*Fab.* Enough, come out.

*Cor.* A vengeance take thy art,  
Liue, and conuert all piety to euill,  
Neuer did man thus ouer-reach the Diuell;  
No time on earth like *Phaetontique* flames,  
Can haue perpetuall being. He returne  
To my infernall mansion, but be sure  
Thy seauen yeeres don, no tricke shall make me tarry,  
But *Corib*, thouto hell shalt *Fabell* carry.

*Fab.* Then thus betwixt vs two this variance ends,

Thou



*of Edmonton.*

Thou to thy fellow Fiends, I to my Friends, *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas his Lady, Millicent his Daughter, young Harry Clare, the Men booted, the Gentle-women in Cloakes and Safe-gardes, Blague the merry Host of the George comes in with them.*

**Host.** **W**elcome good Knight to the George at Waltham,  
My Freehold, my Tenements, goods and chattels:  
Madame heer's a roome in the very Homer and Iliads of a lodging,  
it hath none of the foure elements in it; I built it out of  
the Center, and I drinke nere the lesse Sacke.  
Welcome my little wast of Maiden-heads, what?  
I serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

**Clare.** God a mercie my good Host **Blague**,  
Thou hast a good seate here.

**Host.** Tis correspondent or so, theres not a **Tartarian**  
Nor a Carrier shall breath vpon your Geldings,  
They haue villanous rancke feete, the rogues,  
And they shall not sweate in my linnen.  
Knights and Lords too haue beene drunke in my house,  
I thanke the Destinies.

**Har.** Pre'the good sinfull In-keeper, will that corruptio, thine  
Ostler looke well to my Gelding: Hay, a poxe of these rushes.

**Host.** You, Saint **Dennis**, your Gelding shall walke without  
doores, and coole his feete for his maisters sake, by the bodie of  
**S. George**, I haue an excellent intellekt to go steale some venison:  
Now when wast thou in the Forrest?

**Har.** Away you stale messe of white-broth: Come hither  
Sister, let me helpe you.

**Clare.** Mine Host, is not Sir **Richard Monchensey** come yet,  
according to our appoyntment when we last dinde here?

**Host.** The Knight's not yet apparent, marry heere's a fore-  
runner that summons a parley; and saith, hee'le be heere top  
and top gallant presently.

**Clar.** Tis well; good mine Host goe downe, and see break-  
fast be provided.

**Host.** Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes  
me

## The merry Deuill

me downe, I am for the baser Element of the Kitchin; I retire like a valiant Soldier, face point-blanke to the foe-man; or like a Courtier, that must not shew the Prince his posteriors; vanish to know my Camusadoes, and my interrogatories, for I serue the good Duke of Norfolk. *Exit.*

*Cla.* How doth my Ladie, are you not weary Madame? Come hither, I must talke in priuate with you. My daughter *Millicent* must not ouer-heare.

*Mill.* I, whispering, pray God it tend to my good, Strange feare assailes my heart, vsurpes my bloud.

*Cla.* You know our meeting with the Knight *Mounchensy*, Is to assure our Daughter to his Heire.

*Dor.* Tis without question.

*Cla.* Two tedious Winters haue past ore, since first These couple lou'd each other, and in passion, Glewd first their naked hands with youthfull moysture, Iust so long on my knowledge.

*Dor.* And what of this?

*Cla.* This morning should my daughter loose her name, And to *Mounchensys* house conuety our Armies, Quartered within his scutchion; th'affiance made Twixt him and her, this morning should be sealde.

*Dor.* I know it should.

*Cla.* But there are crosses wife, here's one in *Waltham*, An other at the *Abbey*; and the third At *Ceston*: and tis ominous to passe Any of these without a Pater-noster. Crosses of Done still thwart this marriage, Whilst that we two like spirites walke in night, About those stonie and hard-hearted plots.

*Mill.* O God, what meanes my Father?

*Cla.* For looke your wife, the riotous old Knight Hath ore-run his annuall reuenue, In keeping iolly Christmas all the yeare, The nothrilles of his chimneys are still stufft With smoke, more chargeable then Cane-tobacco; His Hawkes deuoure his fattest Dogs, whilst simple,

His



of Edmonton.

His leanest Curres eate his Hounds carrion;  
Besides, I heard of late, his younger Brother,  
Or Turkey-Merchant, hath sure suck'd the Knight,  
By meanes of some great losses on the Sea:  
That you conceiue me, before God all naught,  
His seate is weake, thus each thing rightly scand,  
Youle see a flight, wife, shortly of his Land.

*Mill.* Treason to my hearts truest soueraigne;  
How soone is loue smothered in foggy gaine?

*Dor.* But how shall we preuent this dangerous match?

*Clar.* I haue a plot, a trick, and this it is,  
Vnder this colour, Ile breake off the match;  
Ile tell the Knights that now my minde is chang'd  
For marrying of my daughter; for I intend  
To send her vnto Cheston Nunry,

*Mill.* O me accurst!

*Clar.* There to become a most religious Nunne.

*Mill.* Ile first be buried quicke.

*Clar.* To spend her beauty in most priuate prayers:

*Mill.* Ile sooner be a sinner, in forsaking  
Mother and father.

*Clar.* How dost like my plot?

*Dor.* Exceeding well, but is it your intent  
She shall continue there?

*Cl.* Continue there, ha, ha, that were a iest;  
You know, a Virgin may continue there  
A twelue-month and a day, only on triall,  
There shall my Daughter sojourne some three moneths,  
And in meane time Ile compasse a faire match  
Twixt youthfull *Ierningham*, the lusty Heire  
Of Sir *Ralph Ierningham*, dwelling in the Forrest;  
I thinke they'le both come hither with *Mounchensy*.

*Dor.* Your care argues the loue you beare our childe,  
I will subscribe to any thing youle haue me.

*Mill.* You will subscribe to it, good, good, tis well,  
Loue hath two chaires of state, heauen and hell;  
My deare *Mounchensy*, thou my death shalt rue,

## The merry Diuell

Ere to thy heart *Milliscent* prooue vnttrue.

*Exit.*

*Enter Blague.*

*Host.* Ostlers, you knaues and commanders, take the Horses of the Knights and Competitors : your honorable Hulkes haue put into harboreough, theile take in fresh-water here, and I haue prouided cleane chamberpots.

*Via, they come.*

*Enter Sir Richard Mounchenssey, Sir Ralph Ierningham, young Franke Ierningham, Raymond Mounchenssey, Peter Fabel, and Bilbo.*

*Host.* The Destinies be most neate Chamberlaines to these Iwaggering Puritanes, Knights of the subsidie.

*Sir Moun.* God a mercie good mine Host.

*Sir Iern.* Thankes good host *Blague.*

*Host.* Roome for my case of Pistolles, that haue Greeke and Latine bullets in them : Let me cling to your flanks my nimble Giberalters, and blow winde in your calues to make them swell bigger • Ha: Ile caper in mine owne Fee-simple, away with puntillios, and Orthography, I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Bilbo.* *Titere tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Truly mine Host, *Bilbo*, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your onely Blade still, I haue a villanous sharpe stomach to slice a breake-fast.

*Host.* Thou shalt haue it without any more discontinuance, releases, or attournement; what? we know our termes of hunting, and the Sea-card.

*Bil.* And doe you serue the good Duke of Norfolke still?

*Host.* Still, & still, and still, my souldier of S. *Quintins*, come, follow me, I haue Charles-waine belowe in a butte of sacke, I will glister like your Crab-fish.

*Bilb.* You haue fine Scholler-like tearmes, your Coopers Drixionarie is your onely booke to studie in a Cel'ler, a man shall finde very strange wordes in it, come my Host, lets serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Host.* And still, and still, and still my Boy, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke.



of Edmonton.

*Jer.* Good Sir *Arthur Clare*.

*Clar.* What Gentleman is that? I know him not:

*Moun.* Tis M, *Fabell* fir, a Cambridge Scholler.  
My Sonnes deere friend.

*Clar.* Sir, I intreate you know me.

*Fab.* Command me fir, I am affected to you  
For your *Mounchensfeyes* sake.

*Clar.* Alas for him,  
I not respect whether he sinke or swim:  
A word in priuate Sir *Raph Ierningham*.

*Ray.* Me thinkes your Father looketh strangely on me;  
Say Loue, why are you sad?

*Mill.* I am not Sweete;  
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meete.

*Clar.* Shall's in to breakefast, after wee'l conclude  
The cause of this our comming, in and feece,  
And let that vs her a more serious deede.

*Mill.* Whilst you desire his griefe, my heart shall bleede.

*Young Ier.* *Raymond Mounchensfey*, come, be frolick friend,  
This is the day thou hast expected long.

*Ray.* Pray God deere *Harry Clare* it prooue so happy,

*Jer.* Ther's nought can alter it, be merry Lad.

*Fab.* Ther's nought shall alter it, be liuely *Raymond*,  
Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,  
Art shall confront it with her largest scope.

*Exeunt.*

*Peter Fabell, solus.*

*Fab.* Good old *Mounchensfey*, is thy hap soill,  
That for thy bounty, and thy royall parts,  
Thy kinde alliance should be held in scorne,  
And after all these promises by *Clare*,  
Refuse to giue his Daughter to thy Sonne,  
Onely because thy Reuenues can not reach,  
To make her dowage of so rich a ioynture,  
As can the Heire of weakthy *Ierningham*?  
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand,  
To strike a match betwixt her and th'other,  
And the old gray-beards now are close together,

## The merry Deuill

Plotting it in the garden. Is't euen so?  
*Raymond Mouchensley*, boy, haue thou and I  
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,  
The Metaphisickes, Magicke, and those parts,  
Of the most secret deepe Philosophie?  
Haue I somany melancholy nights  
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower?  
And come we backe vnto our native home,  
For want of skill to loose the wench thou lou'st?  
Weele first hang *Enuill* in such rings of miste  
As neuer rose from any dampish fenne;  
He make the brinde sea to rise at *Ware*,  
And drowne the marshes vnto *Stratford-bridge*;  
He driue the Deere from *Waltham* in their walkes,  
And scatter them like sheepe in euery field:  
We may perhaps be crost, but if we be,  
He shall crosse the Deuill that but crosses me.

*Enter Raymond and young Ierningham.*

But here comes *Ramond*, disconsolant and sad,  
And heers the Gallant that must haue the Wench.

*Ier.* I pre'thee *Raymond* leaue these solemne dumpes,  
Reuiue thy spirits, thou that before hast beene  
More watchfull then the day-proclayming Cocke,  
As sportiue as a Kid, as francke and merry  
As mirth her selfe.

If ought in me may thy content procure,  
It is thine owne thou mayst thy selfe assure.

*Ray.* Ha *Ierningham*, if any but thy selfe  
Had spoke that word, it would haue come as cold  
As the bleake Northerne winds, vpon the face  
Of winter.

From thee they haue some power vpon my blood,  
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound,  
Come from the lips of any liuing man,  
It might haue won the credite of mine eare,  
From thee it cannot.

*Ier.* If I vnderstand thee, I am a villaine,

What



of Edmonton

What, dost thou speake in parables to thy friends?

*Clar.* Come Boy, and make me this same groning Loue,  
Troubled with stitches, and the cough o'th lungs,  
That wept his eyes out when he was a childe,  
And euer since hath shot at hudman-blinde,  
Make her leape, caper, ierke, and laugh, and sing,  
And play me horse-trickes,  
Make *Cupid* wanton as his Mothers Done,  
But, in this sort boy I would haue thee loue.

*Fab.* Why how now mad-cap? what my lusty *Franke*,  
So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?  
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger:  
Art thou turnd miser rascall in thy loues?

*Ier.* Who I? z'blood, what should all you see in me,  
That I should looke like a married man? ha,  
Am I balde? are my legs too little for my hose?  
If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am a villaine,  
Doe I weare a night-cap? doe I bend in the hams? (ha?)  
What dost thou see in me that I should be towards marriage?

*Clar.* What, thou married? let me looke vpon thee,  
Rogue, who has giuen this out of thee?  
How camst thou into this ill name? what company  
Hast thou bin in Rascall?

*Fab.* You are the man sir, must haue *Millescent*,  
The match is making in the garden now,  
Her ioynture is agreed on, and th'old men  
Your fathers, meane to lanch their busy bags,  
But in meane time to thrust *Mouchenssey* off,  
For colour of this new intended match,  
Fairst *Millescent* to *Cheston* must be sent,  
To take the approbation for a Nun.  
Nere looke vpon me lad, the match is done.

*Ier.* *Raymond Mouchenssey*, now I touch thy grieve,  
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.  
And as for faire and beauteous *Millescent*,  
With my vaine breath I will not seeke to flubber,  
Her angell like perfections, but thou knowst,

## The merry Diuell

That *Essex* hath the Saint that I adore,  
Where ere didst meete me, but we two were Iouiall,  
But like a wag, thou hast not laught at me,  
And with regardles iesting mockt my loue?  
Now many a sad and weary summer night,  
My sighes haue drunke the dew from off the earth,  
And I haue taught the Nightingale to wake,  
And from the meadowes sprung the carely Larke,  
An hower before she should haue list to sing;  
I haue loaded the poore minutes with my moanes,  
That I haue made the heavy flow passe houres,  
To hang like heauie clogs vpon the day.  
But deere *Mounshensy*, had not my affection  
Seazde on the beauty of an other Dame,  
Before I would wrong the chase, and leaue the loue,  
Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,  
I will abiure both beauty and her sight,  
And will in loue become a counterfeite.

*Mon.* Deere *Ierningham*, thou hast begot my life,  
And from the mouth of hell, where now I fate,  
I feele my spirit rebound against the stars:  
Thou hast conquer'd me deere friend in my free soule,  
There time or death can by their power controule.

*Fab.* Franke *Ierningham*, thou art a gallant boy,  
And were he not my Pupill, I would say,  
He were as fine a metled Gentleman,  
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,  
As is in England, and he is a Man,  
That very richly may deserue thy loue.  
But noble *Clare*, this while of our discourse,  
What may *Mounshensys* honour to thy selfe,  
Exact vpon the measure of thy grace?

*Clar.* *Raymond Mounshensy*, I would haue thee know,  
He does not breath this ayre,  
Whose loue I cherish, and whose soule I lone,  
More then *Mounshensys*:  
Nor euer in my life did see the man,  
Whom for his wit and many vertuous parts,



of Edmonton.

I thinke more worth of my Sisters loue.  
But since the matter growes vnto this passe,  
I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will:  
But when thou list to visit her by night,  
My Horse is sadled, and the stable doore  
Stands readie for thee, vse them at thy pleasure;  
In honest marriage wed her frankly boy,  
And if thou getst her Lad, God giue thee ioy:

*Mou.* Then care away, let Fate my fall pretend,  
Backt with the fauours of so true a friend.

*Fab.* Let vs alone to bussell for the set,  
For Age and Craft, with Wit and Art hath met.  
He make my Spirits to daunce such nightly Iigges,  
Along the way twixt this and Totnam Crosse;  
The Carriers Iades shall cast their heauie packes,  
And the strong hedges scarce shall keepe them in:  
The Milke-maides Cutts shall turne the wenches off,  
And lay their Dossers tumbling in the dust:  
The franke and merry London Prentises,  
That come for Creame, and lusty countrey Cheere,  
Shall lose their way, and scrambling in the ditches,  
All night, shall whoope and hallow, cry, and call,  
And none to other finde the way at all.

*Mou.* Pursue the proiect Scholler, what we can doe,  
To helpe indeuour, ioyne our lines thereto. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bankes, Sir Iohn, and Smug.*

*Bankes.* Take me with you, good Sir Iohn; a plague on thee  
*Smug,* and thou touchest liquor thou art founderd streight:  
What? are your braines alwaies Water-milles? must they euer  
runne round?

*Smug.* *Bankes,* your Ale is a *Philistine* Foxe; noutes theres  
fire i't taile on't; you are a rogue to charge vs with Mugs i'th  
rereward: a plague of this winde, O it tickles our *Catastrophe.*

*Sir Ioh.* Neighbour *Bankes* of *Waltham*, and Goodman *Smug*  
the honest Smith of *Edmonton*, as I dwell betwixt you both, at  
*Enfield*, I know the taste of both your Ale-houses, they are good  
both, smart both; hem, grasse and hey, we are all mortall, let's

## The merry Devil

live till we die, and be merrie, and thers an ende.

*Banks.* Well said Sir *John*, you are of the same humor still, and doth the water run the same way still boy?

*Smug.* *Vulcan* was a rogue to him: Sir *John*, locke, locke, locke fast Sir *John*: So Sir *John*, Ile one of these yeares, when it shall please the Goddes, and the Destinies, be drunke in your companie; thats all now, and God send vs health; shall I sweare I loue you?

*Sir Ioh.* No oathes, no oathes, good neighbour *Smug*, Weele wet our lippes together, and hugge, Carouse in priuate, and eleuate the heart, And the Liuer, and the Lights, and the Lights, Marke you me, within vs, for hem, Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, lets live till we die, and be merrie, and thers an end.

*Bank.* But to our former motion, about stealing some Venison, whither goe we?

*Sir Io.* Into the Forrest neighbour *Banks*, into *Brians* walke, the mad Keeper.

*Smug.* Blood, Ile tickle your Keeper.

*Bank.* Yfaith thou art alwaies drunke, when we haue neede of thee.

*Smug.* Need of me? hart, you shall haue need of me alwaies, while theres yron in an Anuill.

*Banks.* M. Parson, may the Smith goe (thinke you) being in this taking?

*Smug.* Goe, Ile goe in spight of all the Belles in *Waltham*.

*Sir Ioh.* The question is, good Neighbour *Banks*; let me see, the Moone shines to night; ther's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the Forrest, his braine may be setled ere night, he may goe, he may goe neighbour *Banks*: Now we want none but the companie of mine Host *Blague* of the Gorge at *Waltham*, if he were heere, our Consort were full: Look where comes my good Host, the Duke of Norfolkes man: rnd how? and how? a hem, grasse and hay, we are not yet mortall, lets live till we die, and be merry, and theres an end.

*Host.* Ha, my Castilian Dialogues, and art thou in yet still boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith I see by thy eyes thou hast



of Edmonton.

hast bin reading a little *Geneva* print: But wend we mettrily to the forrest, to steale soe of the Kings deere. Ile meet you at the time appointed: away, I haue Knights & Colonels at my house, and must tend the Hungarions. If wee be scar'd in the Forrest, we'll meet in the Church-porch at *Enfield*; ist correspondent?

*Bank.* Tis well; But how if any of vs should be taken?

*Smug.* He shall haue ransome by my Sword.

*Hof.* Tush, the knaues Keepers are my bonafosis, and my pensioners, nine a clocke, be valient, my little *Gogmagogs*; Ile fence with all the Iustices in *Hartford-shire*; Ile haue a Buck till I die, Ile slay a Doe while I liue, hold your bowe streight and steadie; I serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

*Smug.* O rare! who ho, ho, boy.

*Sir Ioh.* Peace neighbour *Smug*, you see this Boore, a Boore of the Countrey, an illiterate Boore, & yet the Citizen of good-fellowes, come, lets provide a Hen: grasse and hay, we are not yet all mortall, we'll liue till we die, and be merry, and ther's an end, come *Smug*.

*Smug.* Good night *Waltham*, who, ho, ho, boy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakfast againe.*

*Old Mon.* Nor I for thee *Clare*, not of this, What? hast thou fed me all this while with shales? And com'st to tell me now thou lik'st it not?

*Clare.* I doe not hold thy offer competent: Nor doe I like th'assurance of thy Land, The title is so brangled with thy debts.

*Old Mo.* Too good for thee, and Knight thou knowst it well, I sawnd not on thee, for thy goods, not I, Twas thine owne motion, that thy Wife doth know:

*Lad.* Husband it was so, he lies not in that,

*Clar.* Hold thy chat queane.

*Old Mon.* To which I harkned, willingly, and the rather, Because I was perswaded it proceeded From loue thou bor'st to me, and to my Boy, And gau'st him free access vnto thy house, Where he hath not behau'd him to thy Childe, But as befits a Gentleman to doe: Nor is my poore distressed state so lowe,

## The merry Denill

That Ile shut vp my doores I warrant thee,

*Cla.* Let it suffice *Mounchenfey*, I mislike it,  
Nor thinke thy Sonne a match fit for my Childe.

*Moun.* I tell thee *Clare*, his blood is good and cleere,  
As the best drop that panteth in thy veines :

But for this Maide, thy faire and vertuous childe,  
She is more disparag'd by thy basenes,

Then the most orient, and the precious Iewell,  
Which still retaines his lustre and his beantie,  
Although a slaue were owner of the same.

*Cla.* She is the last is left me to bestow,  
And her I meane to dedicate to God.

*Moun.* You doe sir.

*Clar.* Sir, sir, I doe, she is mine owne.

*Moun.* And pittie she is so :

Damnation dog thee, and thy wretched pelfe.

*a side.*

*Cla.* Not thou *Mounchenfey*, shalt bestow my Childe.

*Moun.* Neyther shouldst thou bestow her where thou  
mean'st.

*Cla.* What wilt thou doe ?

*Moun.* No matter, let that be,

I will doe that perhaps shall anger thee ;

Thou hast wrongd my loue, and by a blessed Angell,  
Thou shalt well know it.

*Cla.* Tut, braue not me.

*Moun.* Braue thee base Churle, wer't not for man-hood sake ;

I say no more, but that there be some by,

Whose blood is hotter then ours is,

Which being stird, might make vs both repent

This foolish meeting : But *Ralphe Clare*,

Although thy Father haue abusd my friendship,

Yet I loue thee, I doe my noble Boy.

I doe yfaith.

*Lady.* I, doe, doe, fill all the world with talke of vs man, man,  
I neuer lookt for better at your hands.

*Fab.* I hop'd your great experience and your yeares,  
Would haue proou'd patience rather to your Soule,  
Then with this frantique and vntamed passion,



of Edmonton.

To whet their Skeenes, and but for that  
I hope their friendships are too well confirm'd,  
And their minds temperd with more kindly heate,  
Then for their forward Parents frowardnesse,  
That they should breake forth into publique braules,  
How ere the rough hand of th'untoward world,  
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,  
Yet I am sure the first intent was loue:  
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warme,  
Let it die gently, ne're kill it with a scorne.

*Ra.* O thou base world, how leproous is that Soule  
That is once limb'd in that polluted mudd:   
Oh Sir *Arthur*, you haue startled his free active spirits,  
With a too sharpe spur for his minde to beare:  
Haue patience sir, the remedie to woe,  
Is to leaue that of force we must forgoe.

*Mill.* And I must take a twelue months approbation,  
That in meane time this sole and prinate life,  
At the yeares end may fashion me a Wife:  
But sweet *Mounchensy* ere this yeare be done,  
Thou'lt be a Frier if that I be a Nun:  
And Father, ere young *Ferninghams* Ile be,  
I will turne mad, to spight both him and thee.

*Clar.* Wife, come to Horse, and Huswifely make you readie,  
For if I liue, I sweare by this good light,  
Ile see you lodg'd in *Cheffon*-house to night. *Exeunt*

*Moun.* *Ramond* away, thou seest how matters fall,  
Churle, hell consume thee, and thy pelfe and all.

*Fab.* Now *M. Clare*, you see how matters fadge,  
Your *Millescent* must needes be made a Nun:  
Well sir, we are the men must ply this match,  
Hold you your peace, and be a looker on,  
And send her vnto *Cheffon*, where he will,  
Ile send me Fellowes of a handfull hie,  
Into the Cloysters where the Nuns frequent,  
Shall make them skip like Does about the dale,  
And make the Lady Prioreffe of the house,

## The merry Denill

To play at leape-frogenaked in their smocks,  
Vntill the merrie wenches at their masse,  
Cry tehee, weehee,  
And tickling these mad lasses in their flankes,  
Shall spraule and squeake, and pinch their fellow Nunnies,  
Be liuely boyes, before the wench we lose,  
Ile make the Abbas weare the Cannons hose. *Exeunt.*

*Enter. Harry Clare, Franke, Ierningham, Peter Fabell,  
and Milliscent.*

*Ha. Cla.* Spight now hath done her worst, sister be patient.

*Ier.* Forewarnd poore *Raymonds* company O heauen,  
when the compofure of weake frailtie meet,  
Vpon this mart of durt; O then weake loue,  
Must in her owne unhappines be silent,  
And wincke on all deformities.

*Mill.* Tis well;  
whers *Raymond* brother? whers my deere *Mounchenfey*?  
Would we might weepe together and then part.  
Our fighing partly would much ease my heart.

*Fab.* Sweete beautie fold your sorrowes in the thought,  
Of future reconcilment, let your teares  
Shew you a woman; but be no further spent  
Then from the eyes; for (sweete) experience saies,  
That loue is firme thats flattered with dolaies.

*Mill.* Alas fir, thinke you I shall ere be his?

*Fab.* As sure as parting smiles on future blisse,  
Yond comes my friend, see he hath doted  
So long vpon your beautie, that your want  
Will with a pale retirement wast his blood,  
For in true loue Musicke doth sweetly dwell,  
Seuerd, these lesse worlds beare within them hell.

*Enter Mounchenfey.*

*Mount.* Harry and Franke, you are enioynd to waine your  
friendship from me, we must part the breath of all aduised cor-  
ruption, pardon me.

Faith



of Edmonton.

Faith I must say so, you may thinke I loue you,  
I breath not, rougher spight do seuer vs,  
Weele meere by stealth, sweet friend by stealth you twaine,  
Kisses are sweetest got by struggling paine.

*Jer.* Our frindship dies not *Raymond.*

*Moun.* Pardon me :

I am busied, I haue lost my faculties,  
And buried them in *Milliscent's* cleere eyes.

*Mill.* Alas sweet Loue what shall become of me ?

I must to Chesson to the Nunnerie,  
I shall nere see thee more.

*Moun.* How sweet!

Ile be thy votary, weele often meere,  
This kisse diuides vs, and breaths soft adiew,  
This be a double charme to keepe both true. (ting;

*Fab.* Haue done, your fathers may chance spie your par-  
Refuse not you by any meanes good sweetnes?  
To goe vnto the Nunnerie, for from hence,  
Must we beget your loues sweete happines,  
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed,  
Shall be more soft when Nun and maide are dead:

*Enter Bilbo.*

*Moun.* Now firra what's the matter?

*Bil.* Marry you must to horse presently, that villanous old  
gowtie churle, *Sir Richard Clare* longs till he be at the Nunrie.

*Ha. Cla.* How sir?

○ I cry you mercy, he is your father sir indeed ; but I am sure  
that thers lesse affinitie betwixt your two natures, then there is  
betweene a broker and a cutpurse.

*Moun.* Bring my gelding firra.

*Bil.* Well nothing grieues me, but for the poore wench, she  
must now cry *vale* to Lobster-pies, hartichokes and all such  
meates of mortalitie ; poore gentlewoman, the signe must not  
be in virgo any longer with her, and that me grieues, farewell  
Poore *Milliscent.*

Must pray and repent.

## The merry Deuill

O fatall wonder !  
Sheele now be no fatter,  
Loue must not come at her,  
Yet she shall be kept vnder. *Exit.*

*Ier.* Farewell deere *Raymond.*

*Ha. Cla.* Friend adew.

*Mill.* Deere sweete,  
Now ioy enioyes my heart till we next meete. *Exeunt.*

*Fab.* Well *Raymond*, now the tide of discontent  
Beates in thy face, but er't be long, the winde  
Shall turne the flood, we must to *Walsham-Abbey*.  
And as faire *Millescent* in *Chesson* liues  
A most vnwilling Nun; so thou shalt there  
Become a beardless Nouice, to what end,  
Let time and future accidents declare :  
Tast thou my sleighes, thy loue Ile onely share.

*Moun.* Turne Frier? come my good Counseller lets goe,  
Yet that diguise will hardly shroude my woe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Prioreffe of Chesson, with a Nun or two, Sir Arthur  
Clare, Sir Ralph Ierningham, Henry and Franke, the  
Lady, and Bilbo, with Millescent.*

*La. Cla.* Madam,  
The loue vnto this holy Sisterhood,  
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale,  
Hath truely wonne vs to bestow our Childe,  
Rather on this then any neighbouring Cell.

*Prio.* Iesus Daughter, *Maries* Childe,  
Holy Matron, Woman milde,  
For thee a Masse shall still be saide,  
Euery Sister drop a Beade,  
And those againe succeeding them  
For you shall sing a *Requiem*.

*Fran.* The Wench is gone *Harry*, she is no more a woman of  
this world, marke her well, she lookes like a Nun alreadie, what  
think'st on her?

*Har.* By my faith her face comes handsomely to't.

*But*



of Edmonton.

But peace, lets heare the rest.

*Sir Ar.* Madam, for a twelue-moneths approbation,  
We meane to make this triall of our Childe,  
Your care, and our deere blessing, in meane time  
We pray, may prosper this intended worke.

*Pri.* May your happie Soule be blich,  
That so truely pay your Tithe:  
He that many Children gaue,  
Tis fit that he one Childe should haue.  
Then faire Virgin heare my spell,  
For I must your datie tell.

*Mill.* Good men and true, stand together,  
and heare your charge.

*Pri.* First, a mornings take your Booke,  
The Glasse wherein your selfe must looke,  
Your young thoughts, so proud and iolly,  
Must be turnd to motions holie;  
For your Buske, Attyres, and Toyes,  
Haue your thoughtes on heauenly ioyes:  
And for all your follies past,  
You must doe penance, pray, and fast.

*Bil.* Let her take heed of fasting, and if euer she  
hurt her selfe with praying, Ile nere trust heast.

*Mill.* This goes hard berlady.

*Pri.* You shall ring the Sacring Bell,  
Keepe your howers, and tell your Knell,  
Rise at midnight to your Mattins,  
Read your Psalter, sing your Latins,  
And when your blood shall kinde pleasure,  
Scourge your selfe in plenteous measure.

*Mill.* Worse and worse by Saint Mary.

*Fra.* Sirra, Hal how does she hold her countenance? well,  
goe thy waies, if euer thou prooue a Nun, Ile build an Abbey.

*Har.* She may be a Nun, but if euer she prooue an Ancho-  
resse, Ile digge her grane with my nailes.

*Fra.* To her againe Mother.

*Har.* Hold thine owne Wench.

## The merry Deuill

*Prio.* You must reade the morning Masse;  
You must creepe vnto the Crosse,  
Put cold Ashes on your head,  
Haue a Haire-cloth for your Bed.

*Bil.* She had rather haue a Man in her bed.

*Prio.* Binde your Beades, and tell your needes,  
Your holic Auies, and your Creedes,  
Holy-maide, this must be done,  
If you meane to liue a Nunne.

*Mill.* The Holie-Maide will be no Nunne.

*Sir Ar.* Madame, we haue some businesse of import,  
And must be gone.  
Wilt please you take my Wife into your Closet,  
Who further will acquaint you with my minde,  
And so good Madame for this time adieu. *Exeunt Women.*

*Sir Ra.* Well now *Franke Clare*, how sayst thou?  
To be brieft,  
What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,  
Thy Father, and my selfe, can bring about,  
That we conuert this Nun to be a Wife,  
And thou the Husband to this pretty Nun;  
How then my Lad? ha, *Franke*, it may be done.

*Har.* I, now it workes.

*Fra.* O God sir! you amaze me at your wordes;  
Thinke with your selfe sir, what a thing it were,  
To cause a Recluse to remoue her vow,  
A maymed, contrite, and repentant Soule,  
Euer mortified with Fasting, and with Prayer,  
Whose thoughts euen as her eyes are fix'd on heauen;  
To draw a Virgin thus deuout with Zeale,  
Backe to the world. O impious deede;  
Nor by the Canon Law can it be done,  
Without a dispensation from the Church:  
Besides, she is so prone vnto this life,  
As she'll euen shreake to heare a Husband nam'd.

*Bil.* I, a poore innocent shee: well heers no knauery,  
He flowtes the old Fooles to their teeth.

*Sir Ra.*



of Edmonton.

*Sir Ar.* Boy, I am glad to heare  
Thou mak'st such scruple of that Conscience;  
And in a Man so young as is your selfe,  
I promise you tis very seldome scene.  
But *Francke*, this is a tricke, a meere deuise,  
A sleight plotted betwixt her Father and my selfe;  
To thrust *Monnchenseys* nose beside the cushion,  
That being thus depard of all access,  
Time yet may worke him from her thoughts.  
And giue thee ample scope to thy desires.

*Bil.* A plague on you both for a couple of Iewes.

*Har.* How now *Francke*, what say you to that?

*Fran.* Let me alone, I warrant thee:

Sir, assur'd that this motion doth proceede,  
From your most kinde and Fatherly affection.  
I doe dispose my liking to your pleasure,  
But for it is a matter of such moment  
As holy Marriage, I must craue thus much,  
To haue some conference with my Ghostly Father,  
Frier *Hilder sham*, here by, at *Waltham*-Abbey,  
To be absolu'd of thinges, that it is fit  
None onely, but my Confessor should know.

*Sir Ar.* With all my heart, hee's a reuerend man, and to  
morrow morning we will meete all at the Abbey, where by  
th'opinion of that Reuerend man,  
We will proceed, I like it passing well;  
Till then we part, Boy, I thinke of it, farewell:  
A Parents care no mortall tongue can tell, *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Monn-  
chensey like a Frier.*

*Sir Ar.* Holy young Nouice, I haue told you now  
My full intent, and doe referre the rest  
To your professed secrecie and care:  
And see,  
Our serious speech hath stolne vpon the way,  
That we are come vnto the Abbey-gate.

## The merry Deuill

Because I know *Mounchensy* is a Foxe,  
That craftily doth ouerlooke my dooings,  
He not be seene, not I; Tush, I haue done,  
I had a Daughter, but shee's now a Nunne;  
Farewell deare Sonne, farewell. *Exit.*

*Moun.* Fare you well, I, you haue done;  
Your Daughter sir, shall not be long a Nunne.  
O my rare Tutor, neuer mortall braine,  
Plotted out such a plot of policie;  
And my deere bosome is so great with laughter,  
Begot by his simplicity and error:  
My Soule is fal'n in labour with her ioy:  
O my true friends! *Frank Ierningham*, and *Clare*,  
Did you but know but how this Iest takes fire,  
That good Sir *Arthur*, thinking me a Nouice,  
Hath euen pour'd himselfe into my bosome;  
O! you would vent your spleenes with tickling mirth:  
But *Raymond* peace, and haue an eye about,  
For feare perhaps some of the Nunnies looke out.

Peace and Charity within,  
Neuer toucht with deadly sinne;  
I cast Holy-water poore,  
On this wall, and on this doore,  
That from euill shall defend,  
And keepe you from the vgly Fiend;  
Euill Spright by night nor day,  
Shall approach or come this way;  
Else nor Fayrie, by this grace,  
Day nor night shall haunt this place. *Holy Maidens knock.*

*Answer within.* Who's that which knocks? ha, who's there?

*Moun.* Gentle Nn, here is a Frier. *Enter Nunne.*

*Nun.* A Frier without, now Christ vs saue!  
Holy Man, what wouldst thou haue?

*Moun.* Holy Maide, I hither come,  
From Frier and Father *Hildersome*,  
By the fauour and the grace  
Of the Prioreesse of this place,

Amongst



of *Edm. enton.*

Amongst you all to visite one,  
That's come for approbation,  
Before she was as now you are,  
The Daughter of Sir *Arthur Clare*:  
But since she now became a Nun,  
Call'd *Milliscent* of *Edmonton*.

*Nun.* Holy Man, repose you there,  
This newes Ile to our Abbas beare:  
To tell what a Man is sent,  
And your message, and intent.

*Moun.* Benedicite.

*Nun.* Benedicite. *Exit.*

*Moun.* Doe my good plumpe Wench, if all fall right,  
Ile make your Sister-hood one lesse by night:  
Now happie fortune speede this merrie drift,  
I like a Wench comes roundly to her shrift.

*Enter Lady and Milliscent.*

*Lady.* Haue Friers recourse then to the House of Nuns?

*Mill.* Madam, it is the order of this place,  
When any Virgin comes for approbation,  
Lest that for feare, or such sinister practise,  
She should be forc'd to vndergoe this vaile,  
Which should proceede from Conscience and Deuotion:  
A Visitor is sent from *Waltham* House,  
To take the true Confession of the Maide.

*Lad.* Is that the order? I commend it well,  
You to your Shrift, Ile backe vnto the Cell. *Exit.*

*Mou.* Life of my Soule, bright Angell.

*Mill.* What meanes the Frier?

*Mou.* O *Milliscent*, tis I.

*Mill.* My heart misgiues me, I should know that voyce,  
You, who are you? The holy Virgin blesse me.  
Tell me your Name, you shall ere you confesse me.

*Mou.* *Mounchensey* thy true friend.

*Mill.* My *Raymond*, my deere heart,  
Sweete life giue leaue to my distracted soule,

## The merry Denill

To wake a little from this swoone of ioy,  
By what meanes cam'st thou to assume this shape?

*Mon.* By meanes of *Peter Fable* my kinde Tutor,  
Who in the habite of *Frier Hildersham*,  
*Franske Ierninghams* old friend and Confessor,  
Plotted by *Franske*, by *Fabel*, and my selfe,  
And so deliuered to Sir *Arthur Clare*,  
Whobrought me heere vnto the Abbey-gate,  
To be his Nun-made Daughters Visitor.

*Mill.* You are all sweet traytors to my poore old Father;  
O my deerelife, I was a dream'd to night,  
That as I was praying in mine Psalter,  
There came a Spirit vnto me as I kneeld,  
And by his strong perswasions tempted me  
To leaue this Nunrie; and me thought  
He came in the most glorious Angell shape,  
That mortall eye did euer looke vpon.  
Ha, thou art sure that Spirit, for theres no forme,  
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine owne.

*Mon.* O thou Idolatresse that dost this worship,  
To him whose likenes is but praise of thee,  
Thou bright vnsetting star, which through this vaile,  
For very enuie mak'st the Sun looke pale.

*Mill.* Well Visitor, lest that perhaps my Mother  
Should thinke the Frier too strickt in his decrees,  
I this confesse to my sweet Ghostly Father,  
If chaste pure loue be sin, I must confesse,  
I haue offended three yeares now with thee.

*Mon.* But doe you yet repent you of the same?

*Mill.* Yfaith I can not.

*Mon.* Nor will I absolue thee,  
Of that sweet sin, though it be Veniall,  
Yet haue the penance of a thousand kisses.  
And I enioyne you to this Pilgrimage,  
That in the euening you bestow your selfe  
Heere in the walke neere to the Willow-ground,  
Where Ile be readie both with Men and Horse,



*of Edmonton.*

To waite your comming, and conuey you hence;  
Vnto a Lodge I haue in Enfield Chase:  
No more replie if that you yeeld consent,  
I see more eyes vpon our stay are bent.

*Mill.* Sweet life farewell, tis done; let that suffice;  
What my tongue failes, I send thee by mine eyes.

*Exit.*

*Enter Fabell, Clare, and Ierningham.*

*Ier.* Now Visitor how does this new made Nun?

*Clare.* Come, come, how does the noble Capouchin?

*Mon.* She may be poore in Spirit, but for the Flesh tis fatte  
and plumpe Boyes:

Ah Rogues, there is a company of Girles would turne you all  
Friers.

*Fab.* But how *Monnchensey*? How Lad for the Wench?

*Mon.* Sounds Lads, yfaith I thanke my holy Habite,  
I haue confest her, and the Lady Priorese hath giuen me Ghost-  
ly Counsell, with her Blessing.

And how say ye Boyes,

If I be chose the weckely Visitor?

*Clare.* Blood, shee'l haue nere a Nunne vnbad to sing Masse  
then.

*Ier.* The Abbot of *Waltham* will haue as many Children, to  
put to Nurse, as he has Calues in the Marsh.

*Mon.* Well to be brieft, the Nun will soone at night turne  
Lippit; if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of the Nunrie, she  
is mine owne.

*Fab.* But Sirra *Raymond*, What newes of *Peter Fabell* at the  
House?

*Mon.* Tush, hees the onely Man; a Negromancer, and a  
Coniurer, that workes for young *Monnchensey* altogether; and  
if it be not for Fryer *Benedicke*, that he can crosse him by his  
learned skill, the Wench is gone.

*Fabell* will fetch her out by very Magicke.

*Fab.* Stands the winde there Boy? keepe them in that key,  
The Wench is ours before to morrow day:

Well

## The merry Deuill

Well *Ralph* and *Frank*, as ye are Gentlemen, sticke to vs close this once; you know your Fathers haue Men and Horse lie ready still at *Cheffon*, to watch the coast be cleere, to scout about, and haue an eye vnto *Monnchenseys* walkes; therefore you two may houer thereabouts, and no man will suspect you for the matter: be ready but to take her at our hands, leaue vs to scamble for her getting out.

*Ier.* Blood, if all *Harford-shire* were at our heeles, weele carry her away in spite of them.

*Cla.* But whither *Raymond*?

*Mon.* To *Brians* vpper Lodge in *Enfield-Chase*, he is mine honest friend, and a tall Keeper, Ie send my Man vnto him presently, to acquaint him with your comming, and intent.

*Fab.* Be briefe, and secret.

*Mon.* Soone at night, remember  
You bring your Horses to the willow ground.

*Ier.* Tis done, no more.

*Cla.* We will not faile the hower.  
My life and fortune, now lies in your power.

*Fab.* About our busines, *Raymond* lets away,  
Thinke of your hower, it drawes wel off the day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Blague, Banks, Smug, and Sir Iohn.*

*Bla.* Come yee Hungarion Pilchers, we are once more come vnder the zone Torrida of the Forrest, lets be resolute, lets flie too and againe; & the deuill come, weele put him to his Interrogatories, and not budge a foote, what? foote Ie put fire into you, yee shall all three serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Smu.* Mine Host, my Bully, my pretious Consull, my noble Holefernes, I haue bin drunke i'thy house, twentie times and ten, all's one for that, I was last night in the third Heaven, my braine was poore, it had yest in't; but now I am a man of action, is't not so Lad?

*Ban.* Why? now thou hast two of the Liberall Sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou maist serue the Duke of Europe.

*Smu.* I will serue the Duke of Christendome, and doe him more credite in his Celler, than all the Plate in his Butterie, is't not so Lad?



*of Edmonton.*

*Sir Ioh.* Mine Host, and *Smug*, stand there *Bancks*, you, and your Horse, keepe together, but lie close; shewe no trickes, for feare of the Keeper: If wee be scard, weele meet in the Church-porch at *Enfielde*.

*Smug.* Content *Sir Iohn*.

*Banks.* *Smug*, dost not thou remember the Tree thou sell'st out of last night?

*Smug.* Tush, and't had beene as high as an Abbey, I should nere haue hurt my selfe, haue fallen into the Riuer, comming home from *Waltham*, and scapt drowning.

*Sir Ioh.* Come, fener, feare no Spirits, weele haue a Bucke presently, we haue watched later then this for a Doe, mine Host.

*Host.* Thou speakst as true as *Veluct*.

*Sir Ioh.* Why then come, grasse and hay, &c. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clare, Ierningham, and Millscent.*

*Cla.* Franke *Ierningham*?

*Ier.* Speake softly Rogue, how now?

*Cla.* S'foot, we shall lose our way, its so darke, whereabouts are wee?

*Ier.* Why man, at *Poisters Gate*; The way lies right: Harke, the Clock strikes at *Enfielde*, what's the houre?

*Cla.* Ten, the Bell saies.

*Ier.* A lyes in's throate, it was but eight when we set out of *Cheston*; *Sir Iohn* and his Sexton are at their Ale to night, the Clocke runnes at randome.

*Cla.* Nay, as sure as thou liu'st the villanous Vicar is abroad in the Chase this darke night; the stone Priest steales more *Venison* then halfe the Countrey.

*Ier.* *Millscent*, how dost thou?

*Mill.* Sir, very well.

I would to god we were at *Brians lodge*.

*Cla.* We shall anon, nounces harke, What meanes this noyse?

*Ier.* Stay, I heare Horse-men.

*Cla.* I heare Foote-men too.

## *The merry Denill*

*Ier.* Nay then I haue it, we haue bene discouerd;  
And we are followed by our Fathers Men.

*Mill.* Bro her, and Friend, alas what shall we doe?

*Cl.* Sister, speake softly, or we are descride,  
They are hard vpon vs, what so ere they be,  
Shadow your selfe behinde this brake of Ferne,  
Weele get into the Wood, and let them passe.

*Enter Sir Iohn, Blague, Smug, and Bankes,*  
*one after an other.*

*Sir Ioh.* Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, the Keepers a-  
broade, and theres an end.

*Bank.* Sir Iohn.

*Sir Ioh.* Neighbour Bankes, what newes?

*Bank.* Z'ounds Sir Iohn, the Keepers are abroad; I was hard  
by am.

*Sir Ioh.* Grasse and hay, whers mine Host Blague?

*Bla.* Here Metropolitane, the Philistines are vpon vs, be  
silent; Let vs serue the good Duke of Norfolke: But where is  
Smug?

*Smug.* Here, a pexe on ye all Dogges, I haue kild the grea-  
rest Buck in *Brians* Walke; shift for you selues, all the Keepers  
are vp, lets meete in *Enfielde* Church-porch, away, we are all ta-  
ken else.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Brian, with his Man, and his Hound.*

*Bri.* Ralph, hearst thou any stirring?

*Ra.* I heard one speake here hard by, in the bottom; peace  
Master; speake lowe, nownes, if I did not heare a Bowe goe off,  
and the Bucke bray, I neuer heard Decree in my life.

*Bri.* When went your Fellowes into their Walkes?

*Ra.* An hower agoe.

*Bri.* Life, is there Stealers abroad, and they can not heare  
of them? where the Denill are my Men to night? sirra, goe vp  
the winde toward *Buckleys* Lodge:

Ile cast about the bottome with my Hound, and I will meete  
thee vnder Cony Oake.

*Ra.* I will Sir.

*Exit.*  
*Bri.*



of Edmonton.

*Bri.* How now? by the Masse my Hound stayes vpon some thing; harke, harke, *Bowman*, harke, harke, there.

*Mill.* Brother, *Francke Ierningham*, Brother *Clare*.

*Bri.* Peace, thats a Womans voyce, stand, who's there? stand, or Ile shoote.

*Mill.* O Lord! hold your hands, I meane no harme Sir.

*Bri.* Speake, who are you?

*Mill.* I am a Maide Sir: who? Master *Brian*?

*Bri.* The very same: sure I should know her voyce; *Mistris Milliscent*?

*Mill.* I, it is I Sir.

*Bri.* God for his passion, what make you here alone? I look'd for you at my Lodge an hower agoe, what meanes your Company to leaue you thus? who brought you hither?

*Mill.* My Brother Sir, and Master *Ierningham*, who hearing Folkes about vs in the Chase, feard it had bene Sir *Arthur*, and my Father, (who had persude vs) thus disperfed our selues, till they were past vs.

*Bri.* But where be they?

*Mill.* They be not farre off, here about the Groue.

*Enter Clare, and Ierningham.*

*Cla.* Be not afraide man, I heard *Brians* tongue, thats cer-

*Ier.* Call softly for your Sister. (taine.)

*Cla.* *Milliscent*.

*Mill.* I Brother, heere.

*Bri.* Master *Clare*.

*Cla.* I told you it was *Brian*.

*Bri.* Whoes that, Master *Ierningham*? you are a couple of hot-skots; does a Man commit his Wench to you, to put her to grasse at this time of night?

*Ier.* We heard a noyse about vs in the Chase, And fearing that our Fathers had persude vs, Seuerd our selues.

*Cla.* *Brian*, how hapned' st thou on her?

*Bri.* Seeking for Stealers are abroad to night, My Hound stayed on her, and so found her out.

## The merry Deuill

**Cla.** They were these Stealers that affrighted vs,  
I was hard vpon them, when they horst their Deere,  
And I perceiue they tooke me for a Keeper.

**Bri.** Which way tooke they ?

**Jer.** Towards *Enfelde*.

**Bri.** A plague vpon t, thats that damnd Priest, and *Blague*  
of the George, he that serues the good Duke of Norfolk.

*A Noyse within, Follow, follow, follow.*

**Cla.** Peace, thats my Fathers voyce.

**Bri.** Nownes, you suspected them, and now they are heere  
indeed.

**Mill.** Alas, what shall we doe ?

**Bri.** If you goe to the Lodge, you are surely taken,  
Strike downe the Wood to *Enfelde* presently,  
And if *Mounchensy* come, Ile sende him t' yee :  
Let me alone to busle with your Father,  
I warrant you, that I will keepe them play,  
Till you haue quit the Chase, away, away.  
Who's there?

*Enter the Knights.*

**Sir Ralp.** In the Kings Name, pursue the Raulsher.

**Bri.** Stand, or Ile shoote.

**Sir Ar.** Whoes there ?

**Bri.** I am the Keeper, that doe charge you stand,  
You haue stolen my *Deere*

**Syr Ar.** We stolne thy *Deere*, wee doe pursue a Thiefe.

**Bri.** You are arand Thieues, and yee haue stolne my *Deere*.

**Sir Ra.** Wee are Knights, Sir *Arthur Clare*, and Sir *Ralph*  
*Ierningham*.

**Bri.** The more your shame, that Knightes should be such  
Thieues.

**Sir Ar.** Who ? or what art thou ?

**Bri.** My name is *Brian*, Keeper of this Walke.

**Sir Ra.** O *Brian*, a villaine,  
Thou hast receiue my Daughter to thy Lodge.

**Bri.** You haue stolne the best *Deere* in my Walke to night,  
my *Deere*.

**Sir Ar.** My Daughter.

Stop



of Edmonton.

Stop not my way.

*Bri.* What make you in my Walke? you haue stolne the best Buck in my Walke tonight.

*Sir Ar.* My Daughter.

*Bri.* My Deere.

*Sir R.* Where is *Mounchensy*?

*Bri.* Wher's my Bucke?

*Sir Ar.* I will complaine me of thee to the King.

*Bri.* Ile complaine vnto the King you spoile his Game: Tis strange that Men of your account and calling, will offer it, I tell you true, *Sir Arthur*, and *Sir Ralph*, that none but you haue onely spoild my Game.

*Sir Ar.* I charge you stop vs not.

*Bri.* I charge you both get out of my Ground: Is this a time for such as you, Men of Place, and of your Grauitie, to be abroad a theeuing? tis a shame, and a fore God if I had shot at you, I had serude you well enough. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bankes the Miller wet on his Legges.*

*Ban.* Foote, heers a darke night indeed, I thinke I haue bin in fifteen ditches between this and the Forrest: soft, heers *Ensfelde Church*: I am so wet with climbing ouer into an Orchard, for to steale some Filberts: Well, heere Ile sit in the Church-porch, and waite for the rest of my Conforts.

*Enter the Sexton.*

*Sex.* Heers a skie as blacke as Lucifer, God blesse vs, heere was Goodman *Theophilus* buried, he was the best Nut-cracker that euer dwelt in *Ensfelde*: well, tis nine a clocke, tis time to ring Curfew. Lord blesse vs? what a white thing is that in the Church-porch. O Lord, my Legges are too weake for my Body, my Haire is too stiffe for my Night-cap, my heart failes; this is the Ghost of *Theophilus*, O Lord it followes me, I can not say my Prayers and one would giue me a thousand pound: good Spirit, I haue Bowld, and Drunke, and followed the Hounds with you a thousand times, though I haue not the spirit now to deale with you; O Lord.

## The merry Deuill

*Enter Priest.*

*Pri.* Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, who's there?

*Sex.* We are grasse and hay indeed; I know you to be Master Parson by your Phrase.

*Pri.* Sexton.

*Sex.* I Sir.

*Pri.* For mortalities sake, whats the matter?

*Sex.* O Lord, I am a man of an other element; Master Theophilus Ghost is in the Church porch, there was a hundred Cats all fire, dancing euen now; and they are clombe vp to the top of the Steeple, Ile not into the Bellfree for a world.

*Pri.* O good Salomon; I haue bene about a deede of darke-  
ness tonight: O Lord, I saw fiftene Spirits in the Forrest,  
like white Bulles, if I lie, I am an arrant Theife: Mortalitie  
haunts vs; grasse and hay, the Deuills at our hoeles, and lets  
hence to the Parsonage. *Exeunt.*

*The Miller comes out very softly.*

*Mill.* What noise was that? tis the Watch, sure that villi-  
nous vnluckie Rogue *Smug* is tane vpon my life, and then all  
our knauerie comes out, I heard one cry sure.

*Enter Host Blague.*

*Host.* If I go steale any more Venison, I am a Paradox, foot  
I can scarce beare the sinne of my Flesh in the day, tis so heauie,  
if I turne not honest, and serue the good Duke of Norfolke, as  
a true Mareterraneum Skinker should doe, let me neuer looke  
higher then the element of a Constable.

*Mill.* By the masse there are some Watchmen; I heare them  
name Master Constable, I would my Mill were an Eunuch and  
wanted her Sotnes, so I were hence.

*Host.* Who's there?

*Mill.* Tis the Constable by this light, Ile steale hence, and if  
I can meet mine Host *Blague*, Ile tell him how *Smug* is tane, and  
will him to looke to himselfe. *Exit.*

*Host.*



*of Edmonton.*

*Host.* What the Deuill is that white thing? this same is a Church-yeard, and I haue heard that Ghosts, and villanous Goblins haue beene seene heere.

*Enter Sexton, and Priest.*

*Pri.* Grasse and hay, O that I could coniure, we saw a Spirit here in the Church-yeard; and in the fallow field thers the Deuill, with a Mans body vpon his backe in a white Sheete.

*Sex.* It may be a Womans Body Sir *John.*

*Pri.* If she be a Woman, the sheets damne her:  
Blesse vs, what a night of mortalitie is this.

*Host.* Priest.

*Pri.* Mine Host.

*Host.* Did you not see a Spirit all in white, crosse you at the stile?

*Sex.* O no mine Host, but there sate one in the Porch, I hate not breath enough left to blesse me from the Deuill.

*Host.* Whoes that?

*Pri.* The Sexton, almost frightened out of his witts:  
Did you see *Banks*, or *Smyg*.

*Host.* No, they are gon to *Waltham* sure, I would faine hence, come, lets to my house, Ile nere serue the Duke of Norfolke in this fashion againe whilst I breath. If the Deuill be amongst vs, tis time to hoist saile, and cry *Roomer*: Keepe together Sexton, thou art secret: What? lets be comfortable one to an other.

*Pri.* We are all mortall mine Host.

*Host.* True, and Ile serue God in the night hereafter, afore the Duke of Norfolke.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Ralph Clare, and Sir Arthur Terningham,*  
*trussing their Points, as new vp.*

*Sir Ra.* Good morrow gentle Knight,  
A happie day after your short nights rest.

*Sir Ar.* Ha, ha, Sir *Ralph* stirring so soone indeed,  
Birlady Sir, rest would haue done right well,

*Our*

## The merry Denill

Our Riding late last night, has made me drowfie,  
Goe to, goe to, those daies are gone with vs.

*Sir Ra.* Sir *Arthur*, Sir *Arthur*, care goe with those daies,  
Let 'am euen goe together, let 'am goe :  
Tis time y faith that we were in our graues,  
When Children leaue obedience to their Parents,  
When ther's no feare of God, no care, no dutie :  
Well, well, nay, it shall not doe, it shall not,  
No *Mounchenssey*, thoult here on't, thou shalt,  
Thou shalt y faith, Ile hang thy Son if there be Law in England :  
A Mans Child rauisht from a Nuarie !  
This is rare ; well, well, ther's one gon for Frier *Hilder sham*.

*Sir Ar.* Nay, gentle Knight doe not vexen thus,  
It will but hurt your heate :  
You can not greiue more then I doe, but to what end ; but harke  
You Sir *Ralph*, I was about to say something ; it makes no mat-  
ter ; But harke you in your eare ; the Frier's a Knaue, but God  
forgiue me, a Man cannot tell neither, s'foot, I am so out of  
patience, I know not what to say.

*Sir Ra.* Thers one went for the Frier an hower agoe,  
Comes he not yet? foote, if I doe find knauerie vnder's Cowle,  
Ile tickle him : Ile firke him ; here here, he's here, he's here :  
Good morrow Frier, good morrow gentle Frier.

*Enter Hilder sham.*

*Sir Ar.* Good morrow Father *Hilder sham*, good morow.

*Hil.* Good morrow reuerend Knights vnto you both.

*Sir Ar.* Father, how now ? you heare how matters goe,  
I am vndone, my Childe is cast away,  
You did your best ; at least I thinke the best,  
But we are all crost, flatly all is dasht.

*Hil.* Alas good Knights, how might the matter be ?  
Let me vnderstand your grieve for Charitie.

*Sir Ar.* Who does not vnderstand my griefes ? alas, alas !  
And yet you doe not : Will the Church permit,  
A Nunne in approbation of her Habit,



of Edmonton.

To be rauished.

*Hild.* A Holy-woman, *Benedicite*; Now God forefend that any should presume to touch the Sister of a Holy-house.

*Sir Art.* Iesus deliuer me.

*Sir Ral.* Why, *Milliscent* the daughter of this Knight, Is out of *Cheston* taken this last night.

*Hild.* Was that faire Maiden late become a Nun?

*Sir Ra.* Was she (quoth a?) knauery, knauery, knauery, knauery; I smell it, I smell it yfaith; is the winde in that doore? is it euen so? dost thou aske me that now?

*Hild.* It is the first time that ere I heard of it.

*Sir Art.* Thats very strange.

*Sir Ra.* Why tell me Frier, tell me, thou art counted a holy man; doe not play the hypocrite with me, nor (beare with me) I can not dissemble: did I ought but by thy owne consent? by thy allowance? nay further, by thy warrant?

*Hild.* Why reuerend Knight?

*Sir Ra.* Vnreuerend Frier.

*Hild.* Nay then giue me leaue sir to depart in quiet, I had hop'd you had sent for me to some other end.

*Sir Ar.* Nay, stay good Frier, if any thing hath hapt, About this matter in thy loue to vs, That thy strickt order cannot iustifie; Admit it be so, we will couer it, Take no care man;

Disciaine not yet my counsell and aduise, The wisest man that is may be ore-reacht.

*Hild.* Sir *Arthur*, by my Order, and my Faith, I know not what you meane.

*S. Ra.* By your order, & by your faith, this is most strange of all; Why tell me Frier, are not you Confessor to my sonne *Frankes*?

*Hild.* Yes that I am.

*Sir Ra.* And did not this good Knight here, and my selfe Confesse with you, being his Ghostly Father, To deale with him about th' vnbande marriage, Betwixt him, and that faire young *Milliscent*?

## The merry Deuill

*Hil.* I neuer heard of any match intended.

*Sir Ar.* Did not we breake our mindes that very time,  
That our deuice in making her a Nunne,  
Was but a colour, and a verie plotte,  
To put by young *Mounchensy*; Ist not true?

*Hild.* The more I strue to know what you should meane, the  
lesse I vnderstand you.

*Sir Ra.* Did not you tell vs still, how *Peter Fabell* at length  
would crosse vs, if wee tooke not heed?

*Hild.* I haue heard of one that is a great Magitian,  
But hee's about the Vniuersitie.

*Sir Ra.* Did you not send your Nouice *Benedic*,  
To perswade the girle to leaue *Mounchensys* loue?  
To crosse that *Peter Fabell* in his Art,  
And to that purpose made him visitor?

*Hild.* I neuer sent my Nouice from my house,  
Nor haue we made our visitation yet.

*Sir Ar.* Neuer sent him? Nay, did he not goe? and did not I  
direct him to the house, and conferre with him by the way? and  
did not he tell me what charge he had receiued from you, word  
by word, as I requested at your hands?

*Hild.* That you shall know, he came along with me, and staies  
without; Come hether *Benedic*: *Enter Benedic.*  
Young *Benedic*, were you ere sent by me to *Cheston* Nunnery,  
for a Visitor?

*Ben.* Neuer sir, truely.

*Sir Ar.* Stranger then all the rest.

*Sir Ra.* Did not I direct you to the house?  
Conferre with you from *Waltham* Abbey,  
Vnto *Cheston* wall?

*Ben.* I neuer saw you sir before this hower.

*Sir Ra.* The deuill thou didst not: Hoc Chamberlaine.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Cham.* Anon, anon.

*Sir Ra.* Call mine Host *Blagne* hither.

*Cham.* I will send one ouer sir to see if he be vp, I thinke he  
be scarce stirring yet.

*Sir.*



*of Edmonton.*

*Sir Ra.* Why knaue, didst thou not tell me an houre agoe mine Host was vp?

*Cham.* I sir, my Master's vp.

*Sir Ra.* You knaue, is a vp, and is a not vp? Dost thou mocke me?

*Cham.* I sir, my Master is vp, but I thinke Master *Blague* indeede be not stirring.

*Sir Ralph.* Why who's thy Master? is not the Master of the house thy Master?

*Cham.* Yes sir, but M. *Blague* dwells ouer the way.

*Sir Ar.* Is not this the George? before *Ione* theres some villany in this.

*Cham.* Foote, our Signes remoou'd, this is strange.

*Enter Blague trussing his poynts.*

*Host.* Chamberlaine, speake vp to the new Lodgings, Bid *Nell* looke well to the Bak't-meates, How now my old Ienerts banke, my horse, My castle, lye in *Walsham* all night, and not Vnder the canopie of your Host *Blagues* house?

*Sir Ar.* Mine Host, mine Host, we lay all night at the George in *Walsham*, but whether the George be your Fe-simple or no, tis a question, looke vpon your Signe.

*Host.* Body of Saint *George*, this is mine ouerthwart neighbour hath done this, to seduce my blinde Customers, Ile tickle his *Catastrophe* for this; If I doe not indite him at the next Assises for Burglary, let me die of the yellowes; for I see tis no boote in these dayes to serue the good Duke of Norfolke, the villanous worlde is turn'd manger, one lade deceines an other, and your Ostler playes his part commonly for the fourth share, haue we Comedies in hand, you whorson villanous Male *London*-lecther?

*Sir Art.* Mine Host, we haue had the moylingst night of it that euer we had in our liues.

*Host.* Ist certaine?

*Sir Ra.* We haue been in the Forrest all night almost.

*Host.* Foot, how did I misse you? hart, I was stealing of a

## The merry Deuill

Bucke there.

*Sir Ar.* A plague on you, we were stayed for you.

*Host.* Were you my noble Romanes? why, you shall share, the venison is a footing, *Sine Cerere & Baccho, friget Venere;* that is, theres a good break-fast prouided for a Marriage, thats in my house this morning.

*Sir Art.* A Marriage mine Host?

*Host.* A coniunction copulative, a gallant match, betweene your daughter, and M. *Raymond Mounchenssey*, young *Iuuentus*.

*Sir Ar.* How?

*Host.* Tis firme, tis done,  
Weele shew you a President i'th Ciuill-law for't.

*Sir Ra.* How! married?

*Host.* Leau tricks, and admiration, theres a cleanly paire of sheets on the bed in the Orchard chamber, and they shall lie there, what? Ile doe it, I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Sir Ar.* Thou shalt repent this *Bligue*.

*Sir Ra.* If any Law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it withall seueritie.

*Host.* I renounce your defiance, if you parle so roughly. Ile barracado my gates against you: stand faire Bully; Priest come off from the rereward; what can you say row? 'twas done in my house, I haue shelter i'th Court for't; Doe you see yon bay window? I serue the good Duke of Norfolke, and tis his lodging, storme, I care not, seruing the good Duke of Norfolke: thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

*Enter Smug, Mounchenssey, Harry Clare,  
and Milliscent.*

*Smug.* Fire, nouns, ther's no fire in England like your *Trinidado-sacke*; is any man here humorous? wee stole the venison, and weele iustifie it; say you now.

*Host.* In good sooth *Smug*, thers more Sacke on the fire  
*Smug.*

*Smu.* I doe not take any exceptions against your Sacke, but if youle lend me a pike-staffe, ile cudgell them all hence, by this hand.

*Host.*



of Edmonton.

*Host.* I say thou shalt in to the Celler.

*Smu.* S'foot mine Host, shalls not grapple?

Pray pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrice ege; shalls not serue the Duke of Norfolke? *Exit.*

*Host.* In skipper in.

*Sir Art.* Sirra, hath young *Mounchensy* married your Sister?

*Har. Cla.* Tis certaine sir; heeres the Priest that coupled them; the Parties ioyned, and the honest Witnesse that cride, Amen.

*Moun.* Sir *Arthur Clare*, my new created Father, I beseech you heare me.

*Sir Art.* Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy, you haue done that you cannot answere; I dare be bold to ceaze her from you, for shee's a profest Nun.

*Mill.* With pardon sir, that name is quite vndon, This true-loue knot cancelles both Maide and Nun.

When first you told me I should act that part,  
How cold and bloodie it crept ore my heart!

To *Chesson* with a smiling brow I went,  
But yet, deere sir, it was to this intent,

That my sweet *Raymond* might finde better meanes,  
To steale me thence: in brieft disguise he came,

Like Nouice to old Father *Hilderham*:

His Tutor here did act that cunning part,

And in our loue hath ioyned much wit to art.

*Cla.* Is't euen so?

*Mill.* With pardon therefore we intreate your smiles,  
Loue thwarted, turnes it selfe to thousand wiles.

*Cla.* Young Maister *Jerningham*, were you an actor, in your owne loues abuse?

*Ier.* My thoughts, good sir,  
Did labour seriously vnto this end,  
To wrong my selfe ere I abuse my friend.

*Host.* He speakes like a Batchelor of musicke, all in numbers;  
Knights, if I had knowne you would haue let this couie of Partridges sitte thus long vpon their knees vnder my signe-post,

## The merry Deuill

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*Host.* Leaue tricks, and admiration, theres a cleanly paire of sheets on the bed in the Orchard chamber, and they shall lie there, what? Ile doe it, I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Sir Ar.* Thou shalt repent this *Bligue*.

*Sir Ra.* If any Law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all seueritie.

*Host.* I renounce your defiance, if you parle so roughly. Ile barracado my gates against you: stand faire Bully; Priest come off from the rereward; what can you say row? t'was done in my house, I haue shelter i'th Court for't; Doe you see yon bay window? I serue the good Duke of Norfolke, and tis his lodging, storme, I care not, seruing the good Duke of Norfolke: thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

*Enter Smug, Mounchensy, Harry Clare,  
and Milkiscent.*

*Smug.* Fire, nouns, ther's no fire in England like your *Trinidado-sacke*; is any man here humorous? wee stole the venison, and weele iustifie it; say you now.

*Host.* In good sooth *Smug*, thers more Sacke on the fire  
*Smug.*

*Smu.* I doe not take any exceptions against your Sacke, but if youle lend me a pike-staffe, ile cudgell them all hence, by this hand.

*Host.*



of Edmonton.

*Host.* I say thou shalt in to the Celler.

*Smu.* S'foot mine Host, shalls not grapple?

Pray pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrice ege; shalls not serue the Duke of Norfolke? *Exit.*

*Host.* In skipper in.

*Sir Art.* Sirra, hath young *Mouchensey* married your Sister?

*Har. Cla.* Tis certaine sir; heeres the Priest that coupled them; the Parties ioyned, and the honest Witnesse that cride, Amen.

*Moun.* Sir *Arthur Clare*, my new created Father, I beseech you heare me.

*Sir Art.* Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy, you haue done that you cannot answere; I dare be bold to ceaze her from you, for shee's a profest Nun.

*Mill.* With pardon sir, that name is quite vndon, This true-loue knot cancelles both Maide and Nun. When first you told me I should act that part, How cold and bloodie it crept ore my heart: To *Chesson* with a smiling brow I went, But yet, deere sir, it was to this intent, That my sweet *Raymond* might finde better means, To steale me thence: in brieft disguise he came, Like Nouice to old Father *Hilderham*. His Tutor here did act that cunning part, And in our loue hath ioyned much wit to art.

*Cla.* Is't euen so?

*Mill.* With pardon therefore we intreate your smiles, Loue thwarted, turnes it selfe to thousand wiles.

*Cla.* Young Maister *Ferningham*, were you an actor, in your owne loues abuse?

*Ier.* My thoughts, good sir, Did labour seriously vnto this end, To wrong my selfe ere I de abuse my friend.

*Host.* He speakes like a Batchelor of musicke, all in numbers; Knights, if I had knowne you would haue let this couie of Partridges sitte thus long vpon their knees vnder my signe-post,

## *The merry Deuill*

I would haue spread my doore with Couerlids.

*Sir Ar.* Well sir, for this your Signe was remooued, was it?

*Host.* Faith we followed the directions of the deuill  
*Master Peter Fabell*, and *Smug* (Lord blesse vs) could neuer  
stand vpright since.

*Sir Ar.* You sir, twas you was his Minister that married them.

*Sir Io.* Sir to prooue my selfe an honest man, being that I was  
last night in the Forrest stealing Venison; now sir to haue you  
stand my friend, if the matter should be cal'd in question, I mar-  
ried your Daughter to this worthy Gentleman.

*Sir Ar.* I may chance to requite you, and make your necke  
crack for't.

*Sir Io.* If you doe, I am as resolute as my  
Neighbour Vicar of *Waltham*-Abbey: a hem,  
Grasse and hay, we are all mortall,  
Lets liue till we be hangd mine Host,  
And be merry, and theres an end.

*Enter Fabian.*

*Fab.* Now Knights I enter, now my part begins.  
To end this difference, know, at first I knew  
What you intended, ere your loue tooke flight,  
From old *Mounchensy*; you Sir *Arthur Clare*,  
Were minded to haue married this sweet Beautie,  
To you; *Francke Ferningham*; to crosse which match,  
I vsde some pretty sleights, but I protest,  
Such as but sate vpon the skirts of Art,  
No Coniurations, nor such weightie Spelles,  
As tie the Soule to their performancie:  
These for his loue who once was my deere Puple,  
Haue I effected: Now me thinkes tis strange,  
That you being old in wisedome, should thus knit,  
Your forehead on this match; since reason failes,  
No Law can curbe the Louers rash attempt,  
Yeares in resisting this, are sadly spent:  
Smile then vpon your Daughter and kinde Sonne,  
And let our toyle to future ages prooue,  
The *Deuill* of *Edmonton* did good in Loue.



of Edmonton.

*Sir Ar.* Well, tis in vaine to crosse the Prouidence:  
Deere Sonne, I take thee vp into my heart,  
Rise Daughter, this is a kinde Fathers part.

*Host.* Why *Sir George*, send for *Spindles* Noife presently,  
Ha, ert be night, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Sir Jo.* Grasse and hay, mine Host, lets line till we die, and be  
merry, and thers an end.

*Sir Ar.* What, is breakfast ready mine Host?

*Host.* Tis, my little Hebrew.

*Sir Ar.* Sirra, ride strait to *Cheffon-Nunrie*,  
Fetch thence my Lady, the House I know,  
By this time misses their young Votaric:  
Come Knightes lets in.

*Bilb.* I will to horse presently sir, a plague o my Lady, I shall  
misse a good breakfast. *Smug*, how chance you cut so plaguely  
behind, *Smug*?

*Smug.* Stand away, Ile founder you else:

*Bil.* Farewell *Smug*, thou art in an other element,

*Smug.* I will be by and by, I will be *Saint George* againe.

*Sir Ar.* Take heed the Fellow doe not hurt himselfe.

*Sir Ra.* Did we not last night finde two *St. Georges* heere?

*Fab.* Yes Knights, this Martialist was one of them.

*Cl.* Then thus conclude your night of merriment.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.